

1757

THE
CONNOISSEUR.

A
SATIRE

On the modern Men of Taste.

(Price One Shilling.)

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On the modern Men of Taste.

---Numero Plures, virtute & honore Minores,
Indocti, Stolidique & depugnare parati,
Si discordet Eques, media inter carmina poscunt
Aut ursum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.

Hor. Epist. lib. 2.



L O N D O N:

Printed for ROBERT TURBUTT, at the Golden-Key over
against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet; and sold by
the Booksellers in Town and Country.

THE
CONNOISSEUR.

A
SATIRE

On the manner of Taste.



—Various Places, various & various Manners,
Indolence, Stupidity & degenerate Purse,
St. Nicholas's Place, which inter carmina possum
aut ipsum aut pugiles: his non placuisse gaudet.
Hor. Epist. lib. 2.



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HY sleeps the Muse, whilst blund'ring *Dorus*
lives,

Or sharpening *Varnio* yet unpunish'd thrives?

Shall smooth Lord *Fanny* pertly talk and huff,

Offend each Nose, and none tread out the Snuff?

Shall *Parvo*, as a Wit, cry up his own,

Nor find a Friend to tell him he has none.

Here Satire should her just Resentment show,

Not spare the *Friend*, nor wound too deep the *Foe*:

Yet justly praise, where Praise is Merit's Due,

And faithfully record the VIRTUOUS FEW.

Thus whilst *Corvino*'s impious Deeds she scorns,

With living Lays she *Cr—ggs*'s Tomb adorns:

Of *Castriot* sings, and yet not hopes a Place,
And loves great *St. J—n*, tho' he's in disgrace.

Since first Societies were form'd, their Curse
Is, that their frequent Change has made 'em worse;
Of all the various *Arts* t' instruct Mankind,
How few continue what at first design'd?
NATURE has felt a general Decay,
And all her Parts to low, mean Uses stray:
Her greatest Sweets, alas! too quickly pall,
And now despotic *Folly* governs All.

The *Gownmen* cavi, sat'rise, and reflect,
As *Patrons* and their *Interest* direct;
To gain *Good Livings*, and on *Tythes* intent,
Blunder out *Mysteries* that Heav'n ne'er meant;
By pedant Terms th' Unwary they deceive,
Surmises form,—then damn who don't believe.
Paul visited the Church, their Faith to fix,
So do our Fathers,—in a *Coach and Six*.
'Tis *Folly* gives them this unbounded Rule;
The strictest *Bigot* is the greatest *Fool*.

Thro'

Thro' Seas of Blood the Soldier boldly wades,
 With Valour fir'd, a Nation's Right invades;
 His dear-bought Trophies into nothing pass,
 Perhaps his Soul waits three Months for a Mass.

Ambitious Folly draws the Courtier on,
 To plot, betray, and pull his Rival down;
 Elate with half the Plunder of the Land,
 To have some pettier Fools at his command.
 Nor Views less grand inspire the Robber's Breast,
 With Thoughts of Riches and false Fame possess'd:
 The first in *future Annals* hopes to shine,
 T'other in *G--therie's* immortal Line.
 But mark how partial Fate gives each Reward,
 One gains a R---n, t'other but a C---d.

The many boasted Virtues of Mankind,
 The Body's Pride, the Passions of the Mind,
 Which the low Vulgar, Wealth, or Honour call,
 Grandeur, or Fame,—what are they?—*Folly* all.
 Thro' every Station, and in each Degree,
 We feel the Taint, and none can boast he's free:

From

From the intriguing Statelman, to his Tool,
There's not a *Knave*, but has his share of *Fool*.

Tho' all deny't, yet each its Paths pursues,
Mean Folks small Follies, Great-ones greater chuse:
Whilst Country Maids their Virtue quickly yield,
Known only to the conscious Bush or Field,
Cloe, the only Daughter of a P---r,
Sins at the Court, without Disguise, or Fear,
Whilst the Cit *Dorus*, careful of his Fame,
Caresses *Betty*, private from his Dame;
To Morning and to Ev'ning Prayers keeps close,
Yet sily clubs his *Guinea* at the *Rose*.
To *Celia*, *Dorimant* avows his Flame,
And thinks to be a *Keeper* is no shame;
Spends twice the Income of his real Estate,
Losing a *Thousand* at a single Sett.

What are the *Clown*, the *Cit*, or *Fop* refin'd,
But different Species of the self-same Kind?
For gay Sir *Plume* (who sighing for the Fair)
Writes Billet-doux, free, careless, debonair,

Hints

Hints Scandal at some paltry Jade unknown,
 And cries a Dutcheſs in a Sempſtreſs down;
 Not more to Folly yields, than *the grave Sage*,
 Who Pleaſure ſhuns thro' philoſophic Rage.

None ſee themſelves, but fully prone t'abufe,
 Take more delight their Neighbours to accuſe;
 The un-plac'd Courtier damns the *Fool* that's in,
 And Atheiſts charge R—t R—nds with Sin.
 Vices conceal'd, we ſtudy to declare,
 And ſtrip ourſelves, to leave another bare.
 Merit is but a Mark for Envy's Aim,
 And Scandal's ever prompt t'attend on Fame.

Our Predeceſſors could their Follies hide;
 Cloſely they ſtudied, *Learning* was their *Pride*:
 But *Science* has, like *Age*, a Term of Years,
 A while it flouriſhes, then diſappears.
 The Arts in which our wiſe Fore-fathers wrought,
 And by hard Labour to Perfection brought,
 We, *vain and fickle*, and more trifling wiſe,
 Embrace their Follies, but their Arts deſpiſe.

And future *Times* perhaps, our *Sons* may see,
 If possible, much greater *Fools* than we;
 For *Wisdom's* *sterit*, and her *Race* soon fails,
 But *Folly* (rich in *Heirs*) ever prevails;
Wisdom springs up to an æth'rial Height,
 We view, and envy, but in vain, her Flight.
 Our modern *Steps* to humbler *Paths* we bend,
 For *Bodies* that can't *RISE*, can yet *descend*.
 Our *Sires* (with *Energy* and *Strength* begat),
 Were brave at *Ten*, as we at *Man's* *Estate*;
 And what the *Girls* were deem'd in *Ages* past,
 Are our *Top Beaux*, and modern *Men* of *Taste*.
 But now so lessen'd is the *Progeny*,
 That the next *Race* will only *Women* be;
 And tir'd *Nature*, having lost its *Force*,
 Stop *Propagation*, and so end its *Course*.

Both *Real Life*, and *Mimick* too decrease;
 When *Substance* fails, the *Shadow* needs must cease.
 The *STAGE* (a *Mirror* to *Reflection* true)
 Itself declines, a *Semblance* but of you.

No wonder that it Fools and Coxcombs shews,
 When few but such its Audiences compose;
 Wretches who know not when they're wrong or right,
 Incapable from Sense to form Delight:
 Unmeaning Squires, from Nurse and Tutor free,
 Who 'cause they've large Estates will Critics be;
 And having cast off Blockhead at the School,
 Come up to Town, but to commence the Fool;
 As Boys from Town at O——d pass with ease,
 In Wit, or Nonsense, you must take *Degrees*:
 Or Foplings shining in Brocade and Lace,
 The last dull Heirs of some degenerate Race,
 Who for a Century have dwindled down,
 From the *dull Father* to the *duller Son*;
 And void of Thought, Civility, or Sense,
 Supply the *Vacuum* with Impertinence:
 Equipp'd with *Petit-Maitre's* Air and Shape,
 Unskill'd themselves t'invent, they others ape.
 Hence does the vulgar Notion take its rise,
 That Pug like these can talk, and full as wise:
 This Maxim suits the *nobler* Seed of *Cain*,
 If *Men* are *Monkies*, *Monkies* may be *Men*.

How

How seldom will you find one Man of Wit,
 'Mongst all the rash, leud Clam'rous of the Pit!
 Sense and Good Manners are entirely lost,
 A smutty Jest is what delights 'em most :
 There's such can sleep at *Shakespear's* manly Scene,
 And yet applaud the Mimic *Harlequin*.

Nor less the Fair, though Darlings of the Muse,
 They now their gentle Patronage refuse;
Fancia reads *P—pe*, and is devour'd with Spleen,
 " His Satire's cruel, and his Love obscene."
 To pass the Ev'ning, to the Playhouse flies,
 Where first two dancing Dogs salute her Eyes;
 Raptur'd, she throws aside the useless Fan,
 " The Currs! the pretty Miniatures of Man!
 " O! I cou'd hug 'em—kiss 'em 'till I die!—
 " *Silvia*, can't you?—they look so prettily.—
 " I vow there's *Dapper*, in his Birth-day Clothes;
 " My Dear!—that Dog is worth a thousand Beaux."

But

But think not all our Follies are at Home,
 From *France* a Cargo of Fresh Mimicks come,
 And who dare say they're Vagrants by our Laws,
 The C——rs all are strenuous in their Cause.
 The *English* are too unpolite in Vice,
 Their Fopperies all are sold at Under-price ;
 But whate'er's *French* so gen'rously they treat,
 Cou'd you bring *Virtue* thence, *they'd own e'en that*.
 Our Ancestors with plain sheer Wit were well content,
 But we must have some Flight, some strange Event ;
 Our Modern *Connoisseur's* Applause to win,
 Let Tragic Actors roar, and Comic grin ;
 Then they'll be sure to please at small Expence,
 For All have *Ears*, and *Eyes*, tho' *Few* have *Sense*.

Whoe'er has seen the well-drest Critics fit,
 Take Snuff, and damn each other's paultry Wit,
 Must needs *Pythagorean* Doctrine own,
 Of Souls to theirs from other Bodies flown ;
 But now reverse the Sage's Rule, and then,
 'Twill be, not *Men* to *Beasts*, but *Beasts* to *Men*.

So Gay *Monille*, whom now a Beau we see,
 Might half an *Angora Monkey* be;
 Now boasts a *Pedigree*, and *Honour* too,
 Tho' he ran Wild in *Guinea* or *Peru*;
 There taught to cheat, to sculk, and patry Duns,
 As Hunters then, now Creditors he shuns;
 Shou'd Nature on a sudden change the Scene,
 And turn each to his former Shape again,
 How would the wild Confusion puzzle All;
 Beasts, Birds, together blended, Great and Small;
 An Owl might prove a Counsellor at Law,
 And rich Sir G—— but a lly Jack-daw;
 Cats in Brocade might purr along the Mall,
 Parrot C——ni answer St——da's Squall;
 Young Hounds in Scarlet might a Leveret course,
 And a Jackall be G——l of H——e.
 Hence is it we retain our Natures yet,
 And none can quite their former Task forget;
 Thus when my Lord his Course to *Stoker's* steers,
 An Enemy avow'd to Bulls and Bears,
 Say then—what is it, that inspires his Breast?
 Does not the *Bull-Dog* plainly stand confess?

Or by Subscription to the Opera led,
 Who dare deny he's of *Italian Breed*;
 When thro' a Glass the gaudy Coxcombs stare,
 Or squint a superficial sidelong Glare;
 Wou'd not you judge by such affected Souls,
 That half the Nation's Grandfathers were *Moles*.
 But all Reproof is vain to these poor Elves,
 They are a *Living Satire* on themselves,
 And the worst Punishment they now can bear
 Is to remain the Blockheads that they *Are*.

'Tis hard to say, which most our Censure claim,
 If Actors, or the Audience we should blame;
 They're Dull on purpose, but at our Expence,
 They gain the Monkey; We gain—all *their Sense*;
 The *Cook's* not wrong to bring a *bad Repaste*,
 If 'tis to please a *vitiated Taste*.

By virtuous Principles to fire the Heart,
 To Charm with *Sense*, and Moralize with *Art*;
 The Muse first grac'd the old *Athenian Stage*,
 And by Examples warn'd a vicious Age :

Thence

Thence form'd, and thence inspir'd, her Heroes grew,
 To be the Characters her Poets drew.
 The Comic Writers, with bold Satire warm'd,
 Destructive Vice of all its Force disarm'd,
 No sooner did the *Villain* spring away,
 But every poignant Wit mark'd him their Prey;
 Raill'ry soon brought the unfledg'd Wand'rer down,
 The publick Scorn and Mockery of the Town;
 And the *Mime* claim'd the Coxcomb vain and wild,
 Which, whilst it laugh'd at Vice, on Virtue smil'd:
 No Maid or Matron, tho' unblemish'd chaste,
 Thought by the Theatre her self disgrac'd;
Scandal they knew not, nor e'er tasted *Tea*,
 And paid their Visits without *Ratafia*;
 Yet judg'd it Fame to speak and move with ease,
 While sage Philosophers themselves wrote Plays.

Rome caught each Art her Mother *Greece* had shewn,
 Improv'd, and by that Glory form'd her own;
 Whilst *Scipio* taught 'em to subdue Mankind,
Terence to Virtue form'd the Hero's Mind.

Britain

Britain has long the Stage's Use confest,
 There taught to pity and to aid th' Opprest,
 To blend true Wit with Virtue most precise;
 To laugh, to shame, and lash aspiring Vice:
 When Great *Eliza* rul'd, a SHAKESPEAR rose,
 Who knew all Nature's Beauties to disclose;
 In *Anna's* Days, Science at full appear'd,
 Her Poets sacred, and their Works rever'd;
 They and her Conquerors conjoin'd in Thought,
 And ADDISON but wrote, whilst MARLBRO' fought:
 Now in Decline our fading Laurels sink,
 Few know to write, and seldom any think;
 Whenever Learning her bright Beams displays,
 Thick Dulness stands prepar'd to cloud her Rays,
 Like the blest Sun a-while she spreads her Light,
 But fails at last, o'erwhelm'd in sable Night.
 Thus Time has long o'er SHAKESPEAR's Scene prevail'd,
 And Men of Sense the Dearth of Wit bewail'd;
 Now Gothic Sing-song only charms the Age,
 And drives true *Roman* Learning from the Stage;

E

Nonsense

Nonsense to Numbers by Musician's set,
 Turns every Ballad-Singer to a Wit,
 And every Thing that Scarcce can write his Name,
 Starts up a Poet, and disputes for Fame:
 A tuneful *Feast* to the *Weak Ear* they give,
 While our starv'd Minds no Benefit receive.
Cassius submits to *Brother you're i'th' wrong*,
 And *Cato's* Tasteless cause without a Song.
 This universal Wit suits every Place,
 Sung by the Groom, as well as by his Grace;
 Whilst at the Toilette the long Hour to pass,
 The Lady gently hums *Fill every Glass**;
Joan in the Kitchen to an humbler Strain,
 Chaunts squalling, *She'll be cheap in Drury-Lane*†
 Young Lords sing Ballads, Porters courtly Airs,
 And every Blockhead, Wit, in common shares,
 ('That is) the Sharpness of our Modern Wit,
Fletcher and *Johnson* only Nonsense writ;
 Our scribbling Opera-Mongers are the best,
 Who labour hard for some abortive Jest;

Those

* *Songs in the Beggar's Opera.*

† *An Air in the Mock Doctor.*

Those *thinking* Fools a vain, obscene dull Brood,
 Who when they would be Witty, are but Lewd;
 They don't delight the Appetite nor Mind;
 How vile's Obscenity with Nonsense join'd!
 One constant Plot employs the chiming Train,
 A Father's amorous Daughter and her Swain;
 When to crown all, some witty Chamber-Maid,
 Streight gives the Daughter to the youthful Blade;
 The Sire storms loud a while, at last to yield,
 So Prudence fails, and Vice maintains the Field.

For *Tragic* Passion, and true nat'ral Rage,
 Bombast and Sound, now only can engage;
 Their Works at every Shop our Eyes invite,
 To *lesing* Booksellers a mournful Sight;
 The Price bely'd, tho' *Eighteen-Pence* set down,
 They'll sell you *Half-a-Score* for *Half-a-Crown*.
 Dear Bards refrain, for if you still proceed,
 All Men of Sense will wish they cou'dn't read.

Nor better than the Buskin fares the Sock,
 Our greatest Comic Wit is some dull Joke;

Some

Some labour'd Trifle, or some far-fetch'd Pun,
 The Plot a Virgin, or a Wife undone,
 An honest Cuckold cheated, by his Friend,
 Who whores his Wife, and helps his Wealth to spend.
 We oft in *Dryden* and in *Congreve* find,
 Their Characters too much to Vice inclin'd;
 But shall each Poet after hence presume,
 If he is Vicious, that will bar his Doom.
 In Painting, 'tis as in Poetick Thoughts,
 If *Raphael* err'd, shall that excuse *J—*'s Faults?
 Or if *St—ge* oft recites, and varies Laws,
 Shall blundering *K—* by protract a Cause?

F—ng with Comedy now best can please,
England's Moliere; he writes and charms with ease;
 Tho' Careless, every Thought is bold and new,
 His Beauties many, and his Faults are few.
 Wou'd injur'd *Geor*, but the Pen resume,
 Wit wou'd flourish in second Bloom;
 Vainly they carp, you'd find each Critic then,
 Pleas'd whilst they censure, charm'd whilst they condemn:

But our greatest Comic Wit is some dull Joke;

But view the rest, whose venal Muses write,
 For the vain Hopes of living one poor Night;
There is a Pleasure sure (they plainly shew)
In being Damn'd, which none but Poets know.*

Virtue and Wit two heavy Beings were,
 Which we've exchange'd for Gaiety and Air;
 When gay *Dunoyer* to the Concert moves,
 Soft round him flutter all the little Loves;
 Tasteless the many Vulgar sit amaz'd,
 And gape for want of Judgment to be pleas'd;
 No sooner *N—n* the *Joke* begins,
 But every pert dull Blockhead Claps and Grins.
 Or what has *Dryden*? what has *Congreve* writ?
 That can compare to *H—pp—y's* Face of Wit;
 He *can make Mouths*, and therefore needs must please,
 For that is Wit adapt to all Degrees;
 Then comes some trivial Change, some Jugler's Trick,
 The *Courtier* smiles, the *Templer thumps his Stick*;
 From thence it reaches to the Upper Floor,
 All *bray*, All *clap* the mighty *Joke*, and *Roar*.

* *Dryden's Spanish Fryar*.

The Theatre thus sunk? what Hopes remain,
 It can assume it's former State again?
 See from afar a tow'ring Genius rise,
 Striving with Ardor to obtain the Prize;
 One constant Flame his Gen'rous Bosom warms,
 He lures to Science, by Example charms:
 Learning again shall raise her drooping Head,
 And from the Chains of Ignorance be freed;
 Authors shall then instruct us and delight,
 And every Audience learn to judge aright;
 Then Vice shall quickly find her Power decreas'd,
Virtue and Sense shall be the Standard Taste.

